THE CHIME

There is an old church set
A little away from the town, good—
A little out of the town, good, I mean,
And out upon all beyond
Sometimes we hear from it
The sweet—yes, very sweet—English
Or merrier music of a chime of bells
French version of them.

Upon the frosty air,
Where long we listen and wait to be the music
And all at once, with the sound, we feel we stop
For some turn of a song

Too low and too sad
I hear the chime you played to heaven
As we journeyed together, when that wonderful head,
A pillow not wide enough,

Oh, not the little circlet
It never should have been, they so modestly
For one little week of true concert time
The sighed itself away.

And Pity, now and then,
In random gleam of the low sun a part—
And stirred with his memories, and some
Sad song the bells bore.

And there it were the same
Of some a love to be true to, or one true calm,
Love to which every chiming
Of all that ever heard

And some it for transgressors, who for I
Blessed the sweet tone, as a broken vase,
The same with sadness

That will these lips long that
Has found in vain a true heart sound
Only to turn to flood transgressors talk,
Which will sorry

All things, to sing, by right
Of troubles from to the end the tone—
A heritage of songs and chimes
The world gladly turns—

To wait I not valid
For evermore, not whisper late or gone,
The secret that a few night have then laid
Incorporated to a tune.

For when that little song
Goes singing to my bed, I know that he,
My lighter one forsaken, dost so long,
Believes he life is not
—George de Maurier in Harper's.

## WAS HE A WOMAN HATER

"Why, yes, you may introduce me sometime; but remember, old fellow, I am not down here for anything but a holiday, and that implies fishing, rowing, tramping—not helping some girl over the rocks, dancing, tennis and bowling, even with your pretty cousin. You know I left flirtations when I left college."

Having thus delivered himself, Robert Warren waited for his friend, Jack Bowling, to assure him for the twentieth time that his cousin Lucia was a girl of common sense; not a coquette, but a cultivated, intelligent——

Robert interrupted.

"Neither do I care to talk philosophy, poetry, or the origin of species with an intellectual Boston maid."

Jack turned away to smile, while Robert went on:

"I know them all. Girls are to be classed in two divisions—one all for men, the other for something else, because they cannot get men."

"That's enough," interrupted Jack. "Lucia will hate plenty of attention without demanding any of you." And the two young men strolled off the veranda.

Fortunately or unfortunately, the object of these remarks was sitting behind the closed blind of a window directly behind the young men, so she could not help hearing what her cousin and his friend had said.

Robert's sentiments were not new to her; so, instead of being annoyed, she only smiled, and her eyes shone with sudden mischief.

Jack had talked with her about Robert Warren since they were classmates together at Harvard. She knew more of his record as an athlete and a society man than Horace, a scholar, though none knew his honors at a Harvard university were enough to satisfy any demands, and he first year at practicing law was most brilliant.

She knew that since his graduation from Harvard he had inherited a fortune that he had never dreamed would be his, and that before this he had been more deeply in love with a girl than he would acknowledge she had thrown him over for a rich fellow and had always regretted it.

Lucia knew that Robert was handsome; she had seen his portrait, and now she had heard his deep, low, rich voice. She also knew that he had been placed far by many a match-making mamma, as well as by willing daughters. This only made him with close eyes nearly from society and devote himself to his law, his rod and his gun.

Now it was August, and he had come to spend a month with his old chum, who was with various relatives, at one of the large hotels on one of the beaches of the Major Islands.

When Robert came into dinner with Jack, an hour late, he was surprised to see that Lucia was so young and so really beautiful.

He had made up his mind that he would meet a staid, dark, self-possessed society young woman of about twenty-four, while the girl he now met was very fair, petite, with fluffy yellow hair, child-like blue eyes, dimpled cheeks and a mischievous, smiling mouth. She appeared about eighteen; in fact she was twenty-two.

Robert felt a little piqued that she did not seem to notice him in the least, after her cordial little bow and "I am very glad to meet you," but chatted away in her merry way to a young fellow sitting next her.

Most young women would have looked at himself, Robert reflected; yet he tried to make himself think he was very glad that this one would give him so little trouble.

That night there was a hop at the hotel, and as he came in from the piazza he met Lucia as she came down stairs with her mother, and this same young man whom he had seen at dinner and who had been presented to him as Mr. Perkins.

Lucia was radiant. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were shining. She was very simply dressed in white tulle that floated around her like a cloud. She carried pink roses, and Robert was aware of their faint perfume as she passed him.

He turned to look after her. How exactly she walked! How charming her head rose from her shoulders, and how sunny was the beautiful hair!

Robert turned and walked back to the corner of the piazza that he had just left and was at the dance. The large dining room had been cleared for the dance, and a few couples were sitting over the chilling floor in the aisle of one of Stevens' waltzes. The music brought back memories of last hot night when they danced, when he was waltzing with the girl that he thought he loved best, when Dick Jermyn, he was well rid of, and who was now trying to win him back.

He saw Lucia as she floated by to young Perkins' arms. How different was her face from that other one's! Light! He felt sure he had encouraged with any more pretty face, no matter how insincere and true they looked! He danced days ever since. He be flung away his cigar and went to his room.

The next week was spent as he had wished, in rowing, fishing and tramping. Whenever he was at the hotel he saw Lucia surrounded by admirers, but it was Perkins who seemed to be favored by her smiles. She was cordial to Robert, but never seemed to take the slightest interest in him.

One evening Robert walked to the shell about half a mile from the hotel, in view. As he went to take a oar he held a pair of the stern, to his surprise he found Lucia there. His step startled her, and she hastily rose to her feet.

"Do not let me intrude," he stammered, and started to go back.

She insisted that he should stay, and before he knew it they were talking together like old friends. Then they walked home by moonlight.

Robert could never forget her beauty. She wore some light, fleecy scarf about her shoulders, one end of which was carelessly caught upon her hair.

When they reached the hotel Jack met them, saying:

"I have great news for you. Perkins' brother has just anchored his yacht in the harbor, and starts Monday for a two weeks' cruise. He wants us to join his party. There will only be a half dozen—he, his two sisters, his brother, you, Robert and Lucia, and mother to matronize us."

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Lucia. "Of course I should like nothing better than to go."

"And you, Robert?" questioned Jack.

"Thank you. As your guest, I shall be pleased to go," he replied, but there was no warmth in his tone. To tell the truth, he was thinking what a fine opportunity this was for Perkins to monopolize Lucia. Probably they would become engaged, he thought bitterly.

He saw no more of her during the next day than before. She seemed necessary to so many people's happiness and requisite for the success of any party at the hotel. She was so simple and unaffected, so merry and happy, that her presence always brought sunshine.

It was so on board the yacht. She was always on deck, and many and many a night took her regular and sang to them under the starlight.

The weather was unusually good, but there came at last a two days' storm; they had all staid below, reading, sleeping, playing games and singing. At last, when the waves were growing more furious and the wind was blowing violently, some sudden impulse made Lucia look up to Robert, and say, with a smile:

"You are the best common sailor I ever saw, Robert, please."

There was a general protest at this, and she quickly had her point. After being struck, leaned against the mast, and let her face in the sunshine.

Just in Time.

An extremely healthful and salve before young lady, who was being forced into a marriage against her inclination, became her guardian expected to settle a good thing out of the transaction, presented herself at the appointed altar.

"What does take the man to be for the wedded husband?" inquired the clergyman.

"My good sir," replied the young woman, "you are the very first person who has asked me about this marriage."—L'Abeille.

One Day of Gold.

A flat and stem piece of yellow leaf gold, as bright and perfectly etched and wallpaper by nature that old miners would hardly believe that it came from a mine in that shape. Was found in Gold Hill. It is about the size, shape and half the thickness of a woman's hand, and is worth $20.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Of Course She Consented.

"Will you be mine?"

"Can you afford to dress me well if I marry you?"

"It depends upon what you consider being dressed well. If you mean Worth dresses from Paris, I don't afford them nor do you need them."

"I don't!"

"No. Your beauty needs no adornment, and it will always eclipse any dress you wear, no matter how fine or how expensive it may be. No one that looks at you sees your dress. The beauty of face and perfection of figure only are noted. All fleecy clouds into insignificance beside them. What satin is three like your skin? What silk like your hair? What colors to compete with your lips, cheeks and eyes?"

"John, I am yours."—Philadelphia Press.

CALIFORNIA
FOR TIVES
ELECTRIC
Lung Toggery
CURES CATARRH
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Corns,
HEADACHE, AND ALL PAIN.
The California Pain and Lung Specific
ELECTRIC COUGH CURE
CURES COLDS, CROUP, CONSUMPTION.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake. Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the estate of Daniel Moshier, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

SEALED BIDS,

By order of the County Court, [illegible]

Mortgage covering the paper will comprise [illegible]

Bids will be received on the following paper: [illegible]

Bids will be received on the following paper: [illegible]

Bids will be received on the following paper: